And with a looke ſo piteous in purport,
As if he had beene looſed out of hell
To ſpeake of horrors, he comes before me.
Pol. Mad for thy love?
Ophel. My Lord I doe not know,
But truely I doe feare it.
Pol. What ſaid he?
Ophel. He took me by the wriſt, and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arme,
And with his other hand thus ore his brow
He falls to ſuch peruſall of my face
As a would draw it: long ſtaid he ſo,
At laſt, a little ſhaking of mine arme,
And thrice his head thus waving up and downe,
He raiſed a ſigh ſo piteous and profound
As it did ſeeme to ſhatter all his bulke,
And end his being: that done, he lets me goe,
And with his head over his ſhoulders turn'd
Hee ſeem'd to finde his way without his eyes;
For out of doores he went without their helpes,
And to the laſt bended their light on me.
Pol. Come, goe with me, I will goe ſeeke the King,
This is the very extaſie of love,
Whoſe violent property forgoes it ſelfe,
And leads the will to deſperate undertakings,
As oft as any paſſions under heaven
That does afflict our natures: I am ſorrie;
What? have you given him any hard words of late?
Ophel. No my good Lord, but as you did command,
I did repell his letters, and deni'd
His acceſſe to me.
Pol. That hath made him mad:
I am ſorrie that with better heed and judgement
I had not coated him; I fear'd he did but trifle,
And meant to wrack thee, but beſhrew my jealouſie;
By heaven it is as proper to our age
To caſt beyond our ſelves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger ſort

To

To lacke diſcretion: Come, goe we to the King,
This muſt be knowne, which being kept cloſe might
More griefe to hide, than hate to utter love.
Come. *Exeunt.*

Flouriſh. Enter King and Queene, Roſencra
Guildenſterne.

King. Welcome deare *Roſencraus* and *Guilden*
Moreover, that we much did long to ſee you,
The need we have to uſe you did provoke
Our haſtie ſending. Something you have heard
Of *Hamlets* transformation, ſo I call it,
Sith nor th'exterior, nor the inward man
Reſembles that it was: what it ſhould be
More than his fathers death, that thus hath put him
So much from the underſtanding of himſelfe
I cannot dreame of: I entreat you both,
That being of ſo young dayes brought up with him,
And ſith ſo neighboured to his youth and haviour,
That you vouchſafe your reſt here in our Court
Some little time, ſo by your companies
To draw him on to pleaſures, and to gather
So much as from occaſion you may gleane,
Whether ought to us unknown afflicts him thus,
That open'd lyes within our remedy.
Que Good Gentlemen, he hath much talkt of you
And ſure I am two men there are not living
To whom he more adheres; if it will pleaſe you
To ſhew us ſo much gentry and good will,
As to expend your time with us a while
For the ſupply and profit of our hope,
Your viſitation ſhould receive ſuch thankes
As fits a Kings remembrance.
Roſ. Both your Majeſties
Might by the Soveraigne power you have of us
Put your dread pleaſures more into command
Than to intreaty.
Guil. But we both obey,
And here give up our ſelves in the full bent